

THE PRESENT AGE

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Kalamazoo, Saturday, Feb. 26, 1870.

For the Present Age.

THE IDEAL NOT REAL.
O days, dear days, which were cruel to me!
Why need I think of you ever again?
You tarnished a dream which was sanctity
In a precious shape, and I grieve since then;
I saw, one year, on a sunlit hillside,
Appollo, or somewhat as grand as he
All mantled in billows of rosy light
And shaking the air with his melody.

I folded my eyelids and harkened long;
Then I said, my soul, thou art god who singest.
Worship (thou wilt), then can't do no wrong
For they who are gods do not sinful things.
So reverent, prayerful, my praise went up,
And floods of sweet music came rolling back—
I thought "true-voices could sing like a cup,
For this dream will awaken so much!"—I awoke.
How proudly I said when the world looked dark,
And people were slipping and falling down,
"Behold the beauty of him I mark,
How regally splendid from feet to crown!"
"To sweet to know he can never sink
In the southern whirl of a wicked world;
To have completeness, wherewith to think
When sin crowds heavy and eyes are pained."

Now hear me! I am in the Autumn time
I silently looked to the dear god's shrine,
I drank his music, I breathed his rhyme,
The soul of the singer was reading mine;
When, quick from the billows of rosy light,
He hastened to me, and kissed my cheek;
His lips were sweet, and my soul was white,
But suddenly I was false and weak.
And kissing the fingers which made me so,
And crying for pity, and truth, and strength
I said my heart in the dust—'tis so low
Was I for the love of a god, at length!
He kissed me, over and over again,
His white hands stroking my robes with dust,
And vanished! my lips were all white with pain,
My dream was dead in the arms of Trust.

Vain Boasting.

We have never been able to see the advantage to our cause, or any benefit to be gained by boasting of our "eleven millions of Spiritualists" in the United States, even were the claim based on reliable statistics. If it were true the greater would be our disgrace, the deeper our humiliation, for having accomplished so little. Think of it, eleven millions of Spiritualists, and not a University, a College, or an educational institution of any kind! Not an Asylum for any of the wretched suffering ones of earth; not even an institution, humble though it might be, to which our worn out mediums, whose sensitive organisms have early yielded beneath the conflicts and antagonisms of an opposing, frowning world! No public libraries even in our largest cities, where can be found collected five hundred volumes of liberal or scientific works? Not a Temple consecrated to Humanity, where the people can assemble and listen to the gospel of angel ministrations, and the grand promises to the human soul, and its possibilities as proclaimed by the heralds of the new religion, nature's divine revelations! No, none of these! What have we? A few hundred weary, suffering, way-faring mediums, women and men; suffering because only half paid for services actually rendered; these are invited to untidy public halls rented for the purpose; and in most of the larger cities an admittance fee demanded at the door, to raise the few dollars that are doled out to the speakers as remuneration; and this too in places where Spiritualists, at least claiming to be such, can be pointed out worth hundreds of thousands, and in some instances millions of dollars! Besides this we can boast of four or five Spiritual papers, not more than one or two of the number self-sustaining, being kept alive by the self-sacrificing efforts of half a dozen individuals.

This is our present condition, humiliating as it may be to thus appear before the world; nevertheless facts are stubborn things and we cannot gainsay them. Let no one cherish the hope that in this brief allusion to our true status before the world we have exaggerated, for be it known that we could make the picture yet more undesirable to look upon, should we refer to the dissensions and oppositions within our own ranks to every proposed measure to remedy this existing state of things.

We have heard so much of this vain boasting of "eleven millions," that self respect in view of the little we have accomplished, and the facts, demand that the statement so often made, sometimes even by our speakers, should be questioned, and we think for our credit denied. If those making the assertion, refer to all who believe in a spiritual existence after the death of the body, which would include all of the christian church, Protestant and Catholic as well as Spiritualists proper, in contradistinction to materialists of all classes, Atheists, Adventists etc., the estimate probably could be accepted. This however is not the statement, which is, that the number of *Spiritualists*, i.e. those who believe not only in a continued individualized existence, but in an open intercourse with the spirit world, and in the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, number eleven millions!! This is the statement which we not only question, but believe to be a most egregious exaggeration, and at least ten times our actual numbers.

We think no one will question the correctness of our statement, that Michigan, in proportion to its population, numbers as many Spiritualists as any state in the Union. We have had probably a better opportunity than any other person, from our intimate connection for a number of years with the organic work in this state, to ascertain something near our actual number. We have had this question before us, and as we desired to obtain a correct answer, have made our estimates by towns and counties, and if we have erred either way it has been towards the greatest numbers. From these memorandums we estimate ten of the most popular counties like Wayne, Oakland, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Len-

awee, etc., to average one thousand each, twenty counties to average five hundred each, and twenty of the most sparsely settled two hundred and fifty each, which will aggregate twenty-five thousand. This we believe to be an over estimate, but taking this number to be correct, and estimating our population at one million, and the United States at forty millions, which in both cases will be found by the next census, to be very nearly correct would give us one million as the number of Spiritualists in the United States. We presume that any close investigator would detect a great error in this estimate, for it is based upon the idea that there are as many Spiritualists in South Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia, and all the southern states as in Michigan, which is obviously erroneous. Probably of not more than three or four states, would this estimate hold good. We may therefore come to the conclusion that making the most liberal estimate, we cannot justly claim more than seven hundred and fifty thousand Spiritualists in the United States. Our estimate would be five hundred thousand.

We doubt not this estimate will be treated with contempt by some sanguine Spiritualists, who love to estimate their strength according to their numbers, by the way, a very unsafe rule to adopt. We believe this self gratulation has been productive of no good, but has led not only to vain boasting as to numbers, causing us to appear ridiculous in the view of others, and over confident in our own strength.

We would not by any means underrate the great work accomplished by the wonderful manifestations of spirit power, through the various media by which the world has been favored during the last twenty years. We know that the strong holds of a super-natural religion have been taken, the advocates of partialism are retreating before the grand army of progress, and those who have assumed to be the chosen of heaven to guide the people spiritually, are fleeing, vainly trying to hide themselves and the hideousness of their theological views from the illuminating rays of the sunlight of the New Dispensation. Of all this we are aware, and we rejoice in view of what has been accomplished, and look for yet greater manifestations of Spirit power. But we realize that the great battle is yet to be fought. The whole christian world, Catholic and Protestant are soon to be united, against the army of Liberalists of which the Spiritualists compose the Advance Guard. The conflict will be a severe one, and we believe the victory will be glorious; but our earthly forces must be properly directed, and the time has fully come for a greater devotedness and willingness to sacrifice money, time and talent, in fact a full consecration of our all to the great conflict between the opposing armies. Let us realize that the strength of an army consists not in numbers, but in the intelligence and love of its individual soldiers and their consecration to the cause for which they fight. Thus armed we can with fortitude advance, sure of victory on the side of Humanity.

"We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins."

Reforms and Reform.

This is emphatically an age of transition. The expectant millions are turning their gaze with absorbing interest toward the future. Old schemes are being abandoned and new projects undertaken. Former usages are becoming obsolete, and new codes are being instituted. The very fabric of Society seems threatened with the universal spirit of innovation.

The elements of change are abroad in the air, revolutionary upheavals are impending, and we welcome them. But we behold in these disturbances only an announcement! The entire scope and full meaning of this movement, its more involved connection with the details of social life, we can at best but faintly discern. The unsatisfactory experiments of the past, the elements of unrest that surge through society, and the needs of the soul which a better system of mental science familiarizes us with, are the only data we have from which to estimate the ends foreshadowed by the present agitation of thought. While the torch of the incendiary is being applied to the crumbling edifices which contain the precious relics of a waning civilization, we naturally enough enquire about the materials which it is "proposed to embrace in the new structure. It is not surprising that many should pause on the threshold of the grandest revolution in history, uncertain whether to move forward, and in the midst of the din of contending factions, reflect if it were not better to turn back and accept the precedents of their fathers which have served the race so long, rather than hazard the experiment of theories which the vaunted wisdom of the ages has pronounced destructive to the permanency of society. But again we reflect, that each forward step taken to improve the institutions of men, has been attended with this hazard. Had it not been for the bold spirit of innovation, Greece would never have instituted the ode of monogamy, and Polygamy would have remained unquestioned.

It will readily be conceded that the present state of society is not all which the philanthropist could wish. Intemperance and vice stalk abroad in the land; ignorance and poverty are the inheritance of the masses. Woman is dependent; children are unwelcome in the majority of earthly homes; festering sores on the body politic, and Christian precedents furnish no adequate remedy for most of these ills. Hence the existing state of unrest, the violent radicalisms in certain quarters, the social disruptions which distract society. These are symptoms of a wide spread disease which has taken deep root in the social mass, and it will remain there, however much we strive to hide the symptoms, until the proper remedy is found and applied.

It is not our purpose here to suggest any Utopian schemes, or urge the adoption of any impossible social codes. We aim to be practical. We take account of the incidents which attach to society as it is, and would counsel the avoidance of a crisis of revolution, while peaceable means are competent to secure the changes needed. We do not expect the race

will compass at a single bound the distance which separates the present from the ideal future. We are all participating in a common movement. Those who are on the mountain tops catch the first glimpse of the new morning, and for heralding the tidings to an unwelcome world, they are denounced as deceivers and impostors. To whom is first vouchsafed this higher privilege is also directed the reproach of contemporaries. We continue to build monuments to the martyred dead and "stone the living prophets." Those who consecrate their lives to the future good, must consent to be misunderstood in their own generation.

As long as men need restraint, arbitrary restrictions must exist, and as the ties which unite good men with the aggregate humanity cannot be severed, they must share the inconvenience arising from these restrictions, and suffer from the misjudgments of those who never experience emotions above the plane of brutish instincts. A life, such as Jesus declared the angels live, if attempted to be realized at present on earth, would be so far out of all relation with existing public sentiment as to jeopardize all peace and harmony, and convert the community which should hazard such an experiment into a social hell. The best change which it is possible to effect in any single period, is a *compromise* between the ideal future and the actual present.

It would seem therefore, that the true social reformer who is governed by wisdom, will not insist on the immediate adoption of anything more than *provisional* social arrangements. It was by the adoption of provisional explanations in astronomy, that the passage from the old astronomy to the new was effected, and the true explanations at last found. So in geology and chemistry; the adoption of hypothetical elements and properties bridged the chasm between the unknown and the known. It is not because we would dodge the grave issues of the century that we talk thus. We conceive this to be nature's method of growth. This generation is not the first link nor the last in the race-line, but one in the midst of a vast series, which stretches indefinitely backward in the past, and prospectively forward into the future. As each successive link became objectively manifest in a natural order in all past time, so must a similar order be observed through all future time.

Amid the conflicts which now convulse the social world, there is at least one question which is assuming daily importance, and in regard to which public sentiment is assuming unmistakable character—the Suffrage of Woman. The most thoughtful minds see grave consequences incident to her elevation. Suffrage and education are the highway to woman's independence. Her independence once secured, woman will exercise her prerogative over the province of maternity, by placing that check upon the excessive increase of population, which nature has hitherto imposed in the form of pestilence and war. And other results which will follow woman's independence, are the conditions under which she will accept marriage. In the present state of society, she has three alternatives; marriage, prostitution, or starvation. Her independence will place her above these alternatives, and she will be able to become a voluntary party to the terms which shall be honorable to her womanhood. With woman's elevation and independence, slavery will die, and the yoke of tyranny will be broken, men will be redeemed from their lust, children welcomed in our households. This is the reform on which others hinge, and if this generation effects no other, the nineteenth century will have performed its mission.

W.

The following extract from a private letter received from Geo. William Wilson of Ohio, contain sentiments so worthy of being generally read, that we cannot refrain from their publication. We are permitted to publish the writer as one of our contributors herewith. Since the announcement made by us in January, giving the number of regular contributors, we have secured several others. Hon. Ira Porter, J. Straub, Prof. Putnam, Mrs. L. C. Smith, have already favored us, and our readers will soon hear from others. We ask all to lend a helping hand. The times are hard and a greater effort is required. Will our friends please devote one or two days not to special prayer alone, which in the language of Peter McGrath, "is as good as no prayer at all."

"Is very good in its place,
But will not answer this particular case."

But to earnest work for us, and the cause we advocate. They cannot make a better investment for the cause in their own immediate vicinity, for the Age has become an active missionary, and is silently working among a class of people never reached by our lecturers.

We call attention to the letter alluded to—Oh! that all could adopt practically the sentiments enunciated:

"As harmony is the fundamental principle of our religion, it should be practically worked in the daily lives of those who labor for its spread among the people. Without harmony, brotherly love, charity and sympathy, earnestness of purpose and united efforts, we shall fail of that degree of success which it is possible for us to achieve. Angels whisper to us the sweet word, 'HARMONY!' It is well for us if we heed their holy inspirations. Let us move forward harmoniously and unitedly against every body and every thing that opposes the elevation and perfection of our common humanity. There is a grand work before us; every person has a mission to perform; we have no time for jealousies, heart-burnings, dissensions and inharmonies. Such feelings are unworthy of the reformers of this age."

It gives me pleasure to say to you that the cause of Spiritualism is steadily advancing in Ohio. The people are thinking more deeply on religious subjects than at any former period. Questions that a few years ago were considered too sacred for discussion, are now openly and freely discussed. This agitation of thought is the forerunner of religious freedom. Everywhere people are losing their reverence for holy books, holy creeds, holy days, &c. The human soul demands more nutritious spiritual food than is offered by orthodox churches. The religious superstitions and mythologies of past ages cannot satisfy the hungering, thirsting soul of humanity for spiritual truths. Spiritualism satisfies the longings of the human soul; its philosophy is as broad and comprehensive as the aspirations of humanity.

Wishing you abundant success, and asking the angels to bless you, I remain fraternally,
Geo. William Wilson.

Grand Lodge of Good Templars.

We were glad to absent ourselves from our sanctum one day two weeks since, for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the above named order in Michigan. The men and women assembled on that occasion, were indeed noble representatives of an order instituted for the accomplishment of one of the noblest objects, viz, the salvation of our race from the appalling effects of intemperance. We have no space to devote this week to a consideration of the claims of this order, upon the sympathy and active support of every philanthropist and patriot, or of the terrible results of the rum traffic, the cause of four-fifths of "all our woe." But we do desire ever to be understood, in our private and public capacity, to stand pledged to oppose this monster vice in all its hideous forms. We are glad to be able to co-operate with the order of Good Templars, and with every other association, having the same object in view, however widely we may otherwise differ. This session of the Grand Lodge was favored by the presence of Right Worthy Grand Templar, J. H. Orne of Mass., who was formally introduced, and presided over its deliberations. The following named persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

G. W. C. T.—Rev. John Russell, of Jackson; G. W. C.—E. C. Manchester, of Battle Creek. G. W. V. T.—Hattie Faxon, of Ada. G. W. S.—John Evans, of Bellevue. G. W. T.—B. A. Harlan, of Grand Rapids.

Representatives elected to the Grand Lodge to be held in St. Louis in May next; Rev. John Russell, Col. D. M. Fox, John Evans, B. A. Harlan.

ALTERNATES.—Mrs. Blodgett, E. C. Manchester, T. A. Granger, Mrs. S. G. Knight.

We cannot refrain from giving one reason why we think the Order of Good Templars, should receive the favorable consideration and sympathy of the friends of Woman Suffrage, and that is it has always admitted women to all its privileges. As untiring workers, as wise counselors, as almoners of charity, as efficient officers, women do as good service to the order as men can. The order, in addition to its usefulness in promoting the cause of total abstinence, has been bearing testimony in favor of granting to women equal privileges with men, and has been educating women for the responsibilities of the franchise. Many men and women in the order are heartily in sympathy with the movement to extend the right of suffrage to women. We notice a Lodge in the East recently passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we believe that our order should use its whole influence in the direction of giving woman the ballot, so that she may aid us by her vote, as well as by her noble work in other ways, in crushing the "Rum Rebellion."

Would it not be well for all the friends of temperance to consider the help that women might bring, if they could vote, to men who are well nigh overpowered by the friends of Rum and Rain?

How gladly good women, not only among those who do not suffer directly from intemperance, but also from the drunkard's and the rumrunner's homes, would vote for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors! Will the temperance party be victorious at the ballot box, while women cannot vote against the remorseless enemies of home and every righteous institution? We believe this question can be answered only in the negative.

Words from a bereaved Mother.

Recently while in attendance at the Children's Progressive Lyceum in Kalamazoo, we noticed a stranger present a beautiful little girl of eight years full of life and animation apparently deeply interested in the Lyceum exercises. We enquired and found the visitor to be the daughter of our friends Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Merriman, of Jackson. A few days after the news came that "Darling Birdie" had gone to dwell with the Angels! Oh how sad to the sorrowing parents, and yet it is beautiful to go thus in all the innocence of childhood.

"O' such, is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We deeply sympathize with our good brother and sister. We can do so, for we have passed through those waters deep. But Birdie is not lost, only gone before, and,

"He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadless recollection,
Will but clasp 'th' unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again."

To day we received from the Mother the account of Birdie's departure, and the outpourings of the Mother heart in the beautiful stanzas that follow:

Passed from earth-life, Feb 6th, with diphtheria, "Birdie" daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi G. Merriman, aged eight years and seven months.
It was midnight, when the last breath fluttered through the pale lips, and left the little form before us, cold and pulseless. None save those who heavenward look for children gone, can measure half our agony. Can we live and "Birdie" gone?
O! Heaven, if this were all, then might we answer, No. The clouds hang heavy, and low, but we, trusting in the light beyond strain our weak vision for one glimpse of day. Assured our loved one can, and will return. Darling Birdie,

Let not our falling tears, bring any grief to you
They spring to our eyes unbidden, like fountains gathered dew
You have only gone before us, to join the Angel band,
And we know we'll surely meet you, in the bright summer land.

We miss you every moment, we miss you every where,
For with your sweet, and gentle way, you brightened every care,
The days are long without you, we are very lonely dear,
And only your loved presence, we feel our hearts can cheer.

Then come to our birdling, back to the parent nest,
And tell us you are happy there, and that you have found rest;
So often you have sung to us of "that bright shining shore"
We know you now have reached it, but do return once more.

But little time has passed away, since from the Earth you flew,
The road that backward leads to us, right easily you'll know,
Then won't you spread your angel wings, some mild and quiet even,
And hasten back to tell us, of your happy home in Heaven.

Kalamazoo County Circle.

The Annual meeting was held last Sunday. Rev. J. H. Averill, our State Agent was with us for the first time, and delivered two deeply interesting and instructive lectures. It was the unanimous expression of all who listened that the State Association have this time been fortunate in getting the "right man in the right place." Brother Averill is a man of culture and of experience, a gentleman of refinement and of social qualifications that recommend him in private as well as public. As a speaker he will rank with our first, and better than all his soul is in the work. Our friends in different parts of the State need have no hesitancy in asking the State Agent to visit them, fearful that he will manifest a greater interest for his pay, than to impart spiritual truth.

At a business meeting in the afternoon, Samuel Langdon, Wm Mc Carthy and Mrs. Capt Logan were elected Trustees. At a subsequent meeting of Trustees, Dr. Wm Weyburn was elected President. Capt Logan Sec. and John Hogeboom Treas. of the association to serve as such, the ensuing year.

An important advance movement was made which promises a better condition of things financially, by amending the Constitution so as to require the payment of at least the sum of fifty cents annually to constitute membership, and providing for the appointment of one financial Agent in each town, who will be furnished with the Constitution and proper blanks for obtaining signatures and funds, by which the association hope to be able to obtain a speaker whose entire time shall be devoted to work in the County.

Thus the work moves on; the spiritualist everywhere having become satisfied that we cannot hope to succeed without some systematic financial basis upon which to work. We see a gradual growth from a chaotic condition to one of order and hence of harmony. We earnestly recommend to all our County Circles a full consideration of the subject.

We look upon the plan for the appointment of an agent in each town as an important movement. This agent can be provided with two blanks one for membership in the County Circle, and the other an annual subscription with the provision that all amounts pledged shall be expended in payment for speakers in the town where subscribed.

Hudson Tuttle's "Career of the Christ-Idea in History."

This volume which is a companion of the "Career of the God-Idea" recently noticed in the PRESENT AGE, is in press, and will be ready for delivery as soon as it can pass through the hands of the binders. It deals with its subject in the same manner that the "God-Idea" is treated in the first. That volume has met with as unequalled praise from the liberal press, and as little criticism from the religious, as has fallen to the lot of any recent publication. Hudson Tuttle is not only radical, he is absolutely fearless, and the only thing that excites a shadow of reverence in him, is what he considers truth.

We learn that this volume is to be quickly followed by a third "Career of Religious Ideas, their ultimate Religion of Science," and that his publishers already have placed in the printer's hands his "Arcana of Spiritualism, a Manual of spiritual Science and Philosophy," which is the fruit of fifteen years' mediumship and research. The friends of the Harmonical Philosophy, the world over, especially all who desire a higher standard of Spiritual Literature, will rejoice that this already eminent author is devoting more of his time than heretofore to this work, and will look with interest for the forthcoming volumes as herein announced.

Real Life in the Spirit Land.

Mrs. Maria M. King's new Book, which has been advertised in our columns, is worthy the perusal of all who are interested in the Spiritual Philosophy; it being a portrayal of some of the most important principles of our faith. It calls attention to the future life, and to the means in the power of mortals to use to fit themselves for life's duties here and hereafter. It is of practical value to any who are anxious to study the theories of Spiritualists and Mediums, for the purpose of deducing a consistent system of faith concerning the future, its rewards and punishments, &c.; as it establishes a basis in reason for its propositions, and asks no blind acceptance of statements, but enjoins the strictest analysis of them. The book is written in a style that commends it to readers who desire a plain statement of important truths. The public should understand the merits of this work, and its low price will enable all who desire to place in their libraries a work so eminently calculated to interest and instruct. It is well adapted to Lyceums, being suited to old and young. For sale at this office at \$1.00, and postage 14c.

The father of a child in Watford, Ct. who is a Catholic, has brought suit against a school teacher for whipping his child for refusing to read a Protestant Bible.—Exchange.

We have no doubt cases of this kind will multiply under the effect of the decision of the Ohio Judges as reported. It is said they have decided (one of the three dissenting) that School Boards have no right to prohibit the reading of the Christian Bible in the common schools; virtually deciding this to be a *Christian* nation, thus giving us a State religion. We await for a correct report of the court's opinion, majority and minority before extended comments. We apprehend, however, that this decision of two Judges, (one Methodist, the other Episcopalian, the dissenting member a liberal Unitarian) will have no more effect upon the agitation of this question, than did the "Dred Scott" case upon the public mind in relation to the slavery question. It will intensify the interest and probably embolden the sects in their demands, as did the decision referred to, the slaveholders, and the result will be to unite all the friends of our common schools in an effort to preserve them from all religious instruction as the only safety and hope for a universal secular education, without which our republican government must fail. We shall cherish the hope that the sects may forbear and not exemplify as in the case of the slaveholders, the adage "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Movements of State Agent.

Brother Averill will speak next week as follows: At Whitakers' Corners, seven miles from Ypsilanti, Wednesday evening, March 2d; at Oakville, Thursday evening, 3rd inst., Sunday March 6th, at Raisinville, and will labor at places as the friends may arrange in Monroe county, until March 15th.

One important matter we wish to urge upon the Spiritualists wherever Brother Averill goes, and that is, the Board of Trustees have put him into the field without a dollar in their hands to promise as compensation; and we cannot too strongly impress upon those to whom our agent may render service, the necessity of paying him. Brother A. has a family to support and should be paid, but if our friends wait for him to urge his own claims upon them he will get no pay. Will our Spiritualists and Liberalists for once be, not merely generous, but just pay for what they get. Our Agent goes to you with Spiritual truths; does not just demand that you pay? Our brother has not gone into the work for the sake of the pay. No man or woman within our knowledge is simple enough to enter the ranks of Spiritualism now, in any department of labor expecting compensation in dollars and cents; the well known inefficiency of Spiritualists in this direction gives no hope to any one expecting even a reasonable compensation for services actually rendered.

Besides paying brother A. for his services, we hope he may be successful in securing Memberships to our State Association; the money thus raised being used to pay for past missionary labor in this State at the same time the Membership of our State Association is thereby increased.

One Hundred and Five.

We use the above words as a heading, because we write for the benefit of others who are at work for us, and to indicate what one man can do. Dr. J. V. Spencer, of Battle Creek, while pursuing his ordinary business, has obtained, including those sent this week (fourteen), one hundred and five new subscribers to the PRESENT AGE in less than two months. Battle Creek is now the banner town as to numbers. We send to that office weekly, one hundred and forty-two papers to paying subscribers. We expect to see the number increase to two hundred, with the help of other friends who are working there. Many of Dr. Spencer's subscribers receive their papers at other offices.

We thank our friends in other places, who are working for us. Number of subscribers received during the past week, eighty-two.

From our Corresponding Editors.

Practical Work.

It must be apparent to every thinking Spiritualist that we are approaching a crisis in our history, which, while it may in no way affect the perpetuity of the essential truths of our philosophy, must to a great extent determine the fate of spiritualists.

The phenomena are already on the decline. The chain of the circle is in a measure broken, and the demands of a thinking and progressive age cannot longer be met by the bare repetition of the wonder. We have seen and others are witnessing wonderful deeds. True as these facts are and have been, they cannot alone meet the exigencies of the times. They do not solve the mysteries of life, nor can they work out for us the great problem of destiny. It requires earnest practical work to revolutionize society and uproot the world's prejudices and passions. They excite thought, but do not alone direct it. They stimulate to action, but it is reserved for us to make such action so wise and practical as shall serve to enlarge the soul and minister to its innate requirements. To fold our hands in inglorious ease, and wait for our friends on the other side to work out for us the development of those powers bequeathed to us by the Infinite, only reduces us to mere automatons, destitute of that self-sacrificing and heroic action that makes human life divine. Hence they who wait for the spirit world to do their work occupy the same position, as the Christian who calls on God to do the work his own head and hands require for their growth and unfoldment.

As yet we have wholly failed to do our part. We have waited already quite too long—so long that our repose has become irksome; and our natures rebel against our inactivity. The disquietude of indolence rather than the weariness of noble, generous toil pervades our ranks. With folded hands we enable all who desire to place in their libraries a work so eminently calculated to interest and instruct. It is well adapted to Lyceums, being suited to old and young. For sale at this office at \$1.00, and postage 14c.

The father of a child in Watford, Ct. who is a Catholic, has brought suit against a school teacher for whipping his child for refusing to read a Protestant Bible.—Exchange.

We have no doubt cases of this kind will multiply under the effect of the decision of the Ohio Judges as reported. It is said they have decided (one of the three dissenting) that School Boards have no right to prohibit the reading of the Christian Bible in the common schools; virtually deciding this to be a *Christian* nation, thus giving us a State religion. We await for a correct report of the court's opinion, majority and minority before extended comments. We apprehend, however, that this decision of two Judges, (one Methodist, the other Episcopalian, the dissenting member a liberal Unitarian) will have no more effect upon the agitation of this question, than did the "Dred Scott" case upon the public mind in relation to the slavery question. It will intensify the interest and probably embolden the sects in their demands, as did the decision referred to, the slaveholders, and the result will be to unite all the friends of our common schools in an effort to preserve them from all religious instruction as the only safety and hope for a universal secular education, without which our republican government must fail. We shall cherish the hope that the sects may forbear and not exemplify as in the case of the slaveholders, the adage "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

The National College as yet only exists in the hopes of its friends, while we are liberal supporting sectarian institutions and have means in abundance to build it. Our state associations are perishing for the dollars that spiritualists are paying to churches with which they have no sympathy. Many of our local societies are wrestling with grim poverty, while their members have fine homes, broad acres and fruitful fields. There is scarcely a state in the north and west but has spiritualists enough to liberally support a paper of its own, yet many have started and only existed long enough to yield their lives as a sad memento to the indifference of spiritualists. Others are still beating against the tide with a heroism worthy a better fate. One by one our lecturers leave the glory-crowned summit of inspiration, and join the multitudes in the valleys that environ it. Who shall blame them? While their brothers were famed by the breath of the angels,

their bodies were frozen by the rude winds of poverty.

It is our solemn conviction, that if we now suffer the work of organization to go by default, the closing century will write our epitaphs as those who having a great truth proved themselves too weak to secure through it the greatest blessings to their posterity.

A. B. F.

For the Present Age.

EARNINGS.

There is a time in all men's lives, when hope seems into promise budding.
But trusting in a siren voice, too many a down the stream are floating;
There is a time when passions rife, within each human bosom swelling;
Despite all noble efforts made, they still will smoulder and keep burning;
There is a life unsatisfied, unanalyzed, still brighter glowing;
Upon the altar of the Soul, for which each heart the while is yearning.

There is a fountain ever full, from whence all blessings are outflowing;
And to that source each thirsty soul, will sometime find its footsteps wending;
There is a joy that ne'er takes form; nor word can give a true expression,
That fills the soul with hope and trust; 'tis when we strive to do good bidding;
There is a light that dims the sun; in its pure effulgence glowing,
But few there are who dare to gaze, for there are angel faces shining.

There are some clouds beneath whose frown; our timid souls in sorrow bowing,
Are like the fumes of early morn, when part reveal a silver lining;
There are some scenes in humble life, that stir the souls of those believing;
In recompense for suffering here, and victories won over not complaining;
There is a hope born in all, that life shall end not with the gloomy bidding;
And hopes thus formed are Gods own virtue, and none need fear for his unchanging.

HATTIE BURNOP.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1870.

EDITOR "PRESENT AGE."

Your journal comes to me and calls up thoughts of valued friends in our "Peninsular State," where are men and women seeking to use the Present that the Future may be richer and wiser. For the generous kindness, the thoughtful intelligence, and the liberal view, of the better sort of its people I prize Michigan, and am glad it is my home. Further back my mind turns to the beautiful valley of the Connecticut in the heart of the Old Bay State, and there is ever a warm place in my heart for that dear home of my childhood. Well and nobly does Whittier say of New England:

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and flowing river.
Of mountains reared aloft to meet
The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
Mine own green land forever!
The nursery of noble men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some glorious dream!
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky that bent above
His childhood like a dream of love."

But I am Washington now, the political capital, the centre of things terrestrial in that realm, rather than of things celestial; yet the upper and lower worlds are so near, the real and the ideal so related, that the open eye can see and the open heart should feel something of both everywhere. Up in Philadelphia Row in the pleasant eastern border of the city, is Annie Denton Griggs, who finds time, amidst her little ones, to say a word, that sheds sunshine in other homes among other children. But a few squares away is Emma Hardinge, who spoke with her usual earnestness and eloquence to a good audience last night. At the Land Office, during business hours, is Dr. Mayhew, and after those hours, he is wherever something can be done for larger thought and spiritual life. At the City Hall, Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, speaks for a few weeks each Sunday, his words and thoughts always generous, tender, brave and sweet. In quiet rooms all over the city, sit men eminent before the public and of high position, thinking, thinking of some wondrous message from that other world—"so near and yet so far"—that has just stirred their souls.

Yesterday, passing through the great Rotunda, under the central dome of the Capitol, I looked up, above pictures

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Mrs. ANNIE D. CRIDGE, - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No. 16 Philadelphia Row, 11th, St. East, Washington, D. C.

Who teaches not his child an art or profession, by which he may earn an honest livelihood, teaches him to rob the public.—*John Adams.*

LULA.

BY LUTHER CLARK.

Just four years old today,
For a winter flower was she,
And never a child or fair
And father could ever be.

Brown white as the snowy drift,
Eyes blue as the midday sky,
Lips bright as the opening rose's rift,
Where June's red splendore lie.

Hands busy from morning till night,
And feet they are never still;
Sweet speech o'ertopping with laughter and light,
And a wild and wayward will.

Sweet Lula! just four years old,
And never a thought of care;
Ah! would that the swift-winged years might stay
And keep her ever so fair.

Deal gently, O time, with my spirit,
Kiss lightly her fair, white brow,
And her heart of faith, and her eyes of light,
O, leave to the Lula of now.

Willie and Jessie.

CHAP. IV.

"Please mamma," said my little boy after he had read the last *PRESIDENT* AGE, "please mamma tell more about Willie and Jessie. I like continued stories."

"Very well, darling, then I will write a continued story and I will tell you all I know about Willie and Jessie; that is a good idea—so I will sit down at once and commence Chapter Fourth, will that do?"

"Yes, do mamma, do!"

"So I will," I replied: "then go and play for an hour or two, and when you return I will read you the fourth chapter."

He is gone, and while I write I can see him in the distance running after a young goat. Ah! now he has caught it! But I must write my chapter.

Willie and Jessie Martyn had a very dear friend, Professor Greenleaf, who used to visit their home sometimes. He was an astronomer, and every time he came Willie would ask many questions about the moon and stars. Professor Greenleaf loved to answer all his questions as Willie sat on his lap; for though he was larger than Jessie, good Mr. Greenleaf loved to take him on his lap and talk with him.

"You must come up to my Observatory," he said to Willie. "Come with your father and mother, and bring little dark-eyed Jessie, and I will show you the mountains of the moon, and a world with four moons."

"A world with four moons!" said Willie; "why, Mr. Greenleaf, what is the name of the world with four moons?"

"Its name is *Jupiter*, and it is the large star you can see with the naked eye."

Friend Greenleaf was a tall, thin man, with a pleasant face, and a very pleasant voice, and he loved Willie Martyn and his sister Jessie greatly. He often said to Mrs. Martyn, as Willie stood near him, "Oh, Mrs. Martyn, this is one of the best boys in the country. I am sure he is going to be a good man, and a wise man. I love little Jessie, of course; but Willie is my favorite."

One time after friend Greenleaf had left, Willie said to his mamma, "Don't you think it is strange that Professor Greenleaf loves me so? You know he said I was his favorite. I wonder at that, because Jessie is the favorite with everybody almost."

"No, I don't think it strange. Probably every person is a favorite with some one," said his mamma.

Every evening when Mr. Martyn returned home from the office, Jessie would meet her papa in the hall, saying "papa's girl! papa's girl!" and every evening papa would lift her into his arms and say, "Yes, papa's girl! papa's own little Jessie!"

Well, soon after the snow frock had been bought, and Jessie had met her papa, as usual, the hall and they had finished their tea, Mr. Martyn said:

"Well, children, what think you of going to the Observatory to-night? How would you like to see the mountains of the moon?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said Willie; "then we will see our dear friend Greenleaf, and I do want to see the mountains of the moon."

"I want to see mountains, too; are mountains up in the sky?" asked Jessie.

"Well," replied her papa with a pleasant smile on his face, "the moon is in the sky, Jessie, and as there are mountains in the sky, I suppose there are mountains in the sky."

"I am afraid they will tumble on my head," said Jessie, as she put both hands on her head.

"Ha, ha! laughed Willie, 'I will tell you how it is, little Jessie: the moon is a large world, and it goes round and round this world, but it cannot fall down; it will always stay in the sky.'"

"Yes, Willie," said Jessie, "I know, and we are going with papa and mamma to see the mountains in."

"I know, and I will tell you, Jessie, what an observatory is," said Willie. "It is a large building with a large telescope on the top of it, and every night Professor Greenleaf (you know Professor Greenleaf, Jessie, he is our friend)—well, every night when the sky is clear Professor Greenleaf goes to the Observatory to look at the stars."

In half an hour they were all on their way to the street cars. Could you, my readers, have heard how Jessie and Willie chatted and talked as they walked along with their papa and mamma in the beautiful moon-light, you would have been amused. Jessie talked of visiting the moon, and said she was going to the moon some day on the Railway cars, and would bring home her apron full of stars. Then Willie laughed right merrily, "An apron full of stars! Ha, ha, ha! an apron full of stars! You don't know much, Jessie, you will have to know better than that if you are going to be President of the United States."

"Look up at the moon, papa," said Jessie. "See how bright it is, and see how it rides

along the pretty sky. Where is the moon going?"

"Yes, the face of the moon is very bright to-night," said her papa, "and she is going round our world."

"It says," said Jessie, "like a little boat on a large water, I know how it is."

"But," said Willie, "the moon goes quicker than any boat: and, papa and mamma, I want to tell you something. If our world goes round the sun (and Professor Greenleaf says it does) then the moon must go round the sun, too."

"You are right, my boy," said his mamma, "the moon moves round our world and both together move round the sun."

"It is like this," said Willie, "the moon dances round us while we dance round the sun, so they keep each other company."

"Here are the cars," said Jessie, and soon they were on board, and as they went to the Observatory where they were met by their friend Professor Greenleaf,

"Here you are," he said, "here you are little folks!" then he shook hands with Willie and Jessie, and told them how glad he was to see them. "So you have come to see the moon through the telescope, have you?"

Then he took Jessie in his arms and walked up the long, broad stairs to the top of the Observatory.

"There! what think you of this, Jessie?" he said as he put her down.

"This is very high up," Jessie said. "Are we going up to the moon?"

"Oh, no!" said friend Greenleaf, "we cannot go to the moon, Jessie, but you shall see the hills and mountains in the moon through that large telescope. Come here, Willie, my dear boy," said friend Greenleaf, "we will let you look at the moon first, and you can tell us what you see."

So Willie was mounted into a sort of high chair, and in a moment was looking at the moon; he was very still.

"Well," said friend Greenleaf, "what do you see, my boy?"

"I suppose," replied Willie, "that those places which are so bright are the mountains."

"Just so," friend Greenleaf replied, "you see that the sun is shining on the tops of the mountains."

"Yes, I see, and the dark places below are the valleys. Oh, that is very beautiful! Professor Greenleaf, how large is the moon?"

"Why, it is forty-nine times larger than the earth."

"Why, it is very small; how many miles is it round the moon?"

"About six thousand eight hundred miles—about as far from New York to California and back. With fast Railroad cars we could travel round the moon in about eight or nine days."

"Now," said Willie, "I know indeed that the moon is a world; for I can see the high mountains and deep valleys."

As Professor Greenleaf lifted him down, he said, "Then you had a little doubt about the moon being a world, had you?"

"Well, you know I had not seen it," said Willie.

"You believed it then, but now you know, because you have seen. Now for Jessie, up you go into the high chair. Look through here, Jessie, can you see anything, Jessie?"

Jessie was standing upon the chair and peeping through the telescope.

"Yes, I see," said Jessie.

"Well, what do you see?"

"I see something covered with bright light."

"All right, Jessie, now you see the mountains of the moon," said Professor Greenleaf.

"What makes the bright light?" asked Jessie.

"The sunshine, Jessie; the sun is shining there."

"I want to come down," said Jessie. So down she came, and while their papa and mamma looked through the telescope, Willie and Jessie walked around the Observatory, looking at the stars.

By-and-by friend Greenleaf carried Jessie down the broad, long stairs, and bade them all good-by, saying, "You must come again, and I will show you Jupiter, a very large world with four moons. I know Willie wants to ask a great many questions, but I am coming over to see your papa and mamma one evening this week; then I will answer all the questions you may like to ask."

"Thank you, I hope you will come soon," said Willie.

"I will, my dear boy, good-night."

"What a good time we have had," said Willie as they walked away, "and how good and nice Professor Greenleaf is; he loves me, papa, and I love him very much. Please tell me something about the moon, papa."

"Well," said his papa, "one day in the moon is about as long as two of our weeks."

"What!" said Willie, "is it two weeks light and two weeks dark?"

"Yes; how would you like that?"

"I wonder if the people sleep two weeks at a time," said Willie.

"It is doubtful whether there are any people in the moon."

"A world without people! that is curious," said Willie.

So they chattered about the moon until they reached home, and in a very short time our little friends were in bed, sound asleep and dreaming.

To Conductors, and other Friends of the Childrens Progressive Lyceum.

Believing in improvements, and that the time has come when a new Lyceum Manual is absolutely needed, and demanded by a progressive public, we have ventured, in agreement with the earnest wishes of many friends, to arrange a systematic book for the use of Lyceums, to be entitled "THE LYCEUM GUIDE." While we have made no change in the Lyceum system as such, its outline and construction being the same as projected by its inspired founder, A. J. Davis, we have sought greater simplicity and variety, and a more educational process in the art of leading the youth to a natural and happy life. In this respect it is fresh and new. It embodies the choicest thoughts of this age, together

with gleanings from the wisdom of the past, and is, withal, the spiritual philosophy, with its moral beauties expressed in language comprehensible to children, yet broad, deep, and equally fascinating to more experienced minds.

The color department is scientific, being arranged by a talented artist of Philadelphia. The calisthenic department, designed to nurture graceful and healthful motion, and carriage of person, is peculiarly beautiful and is illustrated by explanatory cuts.

The Golden Chain, Recitations and marches are all of the most inspirational order.

The Musical Department is under the editorial management of James G. Clark, who has won a national reputation and popularity, both as a lyrical poet and musical composer, and will contain all his best composition.

Our long and ardently cherished task will soon be offered to the public, under the smiling approval of the angels who have moved us to action.

Before our work goes to press, we respectfully solicit Conductors, and other Lyceum friends to favor us for publication, with brief statements of their opinions upon important matters, here indicated. Such notes will be of incalculable value. To give definiteness to our request we submit a series of questions, hoping for an immediate answer from all our Lyceums.

1. In what moral estimate do you reckon the Lyceum system as superior to the church Sunday School?

2. What facts, or incidents, can you relate of your society, demonstrative of such superiority?

3. Has your Lyceum been instrumental in developing the mediumistic powers of the youth?

4. What methods have you found most successful in securing habits of punctuality in your Lyceum?

5. What are the best means of obtaining the co-operation of parents and guardians, and their frequent attendance upon the sessions of the Lyceums?

6. What is your opinion of making our Lyceums more dramatic?

7. What are the best methods for procuring finances for the support of the Lyceums?

8. Do you favor the one lecture system, that more time may be devoted to Lyceum interests?

9. Will you please state what other views you regard as advantageous to the improvement, and progress of our work of love?

J. M. PEBBLES,

EMMA TUTTLE,

J. O. BARRETT.

Address Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights Ohio.

California Correspondence.

SAN DIEGO, COUNTY, CAL.

BRO. FOX:—Let me give your readers A FEW FRAGMENTS OF HISTORY.

On the 20th of November, 1602, Sebastian Viscayo, a Spanish navigator, sailed into San Diego bay. He reported to the king of Spain a forest of tall oaks and healthy plants. The climate, he said, was mild, the soil rich, the inhabitants docile Indians, who were marked and besmeared with red paint.

A few years later, California was put down on the maps as an island, and called *Islas Carolinas*. Some years after the place was called a peninsula; at length it was known as California.

More than a hundred years ago the Catholics established a mission in San Diego. The object was to elevate and civilize the Indians. How well they succeeded is not known. But report has it that the poor Indian was caught like a beast and treated like one. He was set to work for the missionaries and unmercifully beaten, when he refused to obey orders. But the Fathers, and their flocks, have passed away. About the only things that remain to the world of their works are the old adobe (red clay) buildings, which are in a tumble down condition, the olive orchards and a few beautiful palm trees. I was out there, the other day, gathered olives from trees of the Fathers' planting, looked into the old church, which was dedicated July 16th, 1769, a century ago.

The upper story is wood, for drying olives; the lower story for a stable and olive press. San Diego county is the oldest county in the State, and has the best harbor, and finest climate, but for some reason it has been sadly neglected. The old inhabitants are Spanish-Indians, a compound of all nations, and a few Anglo-Saxons. The land has not been cultivated, in fact, the people were too indolent to try the experiment of growing fruit or grain. The principal business was stock-raising. Some ranches contained from twenty to forty thousand acres, with a single house, and that without doors or windows. On these ranches cattle were raised, their hides and tallow sold, the meat thrown away as useless. A few years ago some enterprising Yankee came this way. They found the land covered with chaparral, sweet clover, a great variety of flowers, and the cactus—Bears, wolves, the fox, hares, the rattle-snake and coati, seemed quiet at home, and no one seemed disposed to question their claim to the soil. One man, of spirit and enterprise, measured the clover and found it from four to six feet high, and the cactus from four to fourteen feet, he concluded such soil would grow corn and potatoes. But the natives said, "no, we grow stock and depend upon the northern countries for bread." This Yankee met a rich German who had some knowledge of the country; he said to the man, "You go back to San Diego; you plant, you sow, you wait; and if you get no crops you come back to me and I will pay you for your time and money." The man came back, put in some wheat, and measured fifty-six bushels to the acre. There is no rain here from May to December; but Nature knows her business, and takes the best of care of her children—the fruits and flowers. Since the sure prospects that two railroads will come to San Diego bay, people are looking in this direction for homes. To live here the soil must be tilled, so the men of mind and muscle have set about

seeing what can be done. A man on the Cajon Rancho, a few miles from the bay, has fifteen hundred acres sown to wheat; others have from one to one thousand acres under cultivation. Potatoes are looking out of the ground, pears are in bloom, in fact, this lower county will, in a few years, be able to feed half the world.

RAILROADS.

Col. Sedgwick is here with his engineer corps, surveying the Memphis and El Paso Railroad. It is the long-looked for 32d parallel road. Gen. Fremont, the general agent of the company, has returned from France, where, it is said, he has obtained funds sufficient to build the road. If this be so, the only needed thing now, is for Congress to grant the right of way, which, of course, will be done without delay. The other projected road is the Los Angeles and San Diego road. When that is built San Diego will no longer be out in the cold. She will be connected by rail with all the Southern, Eastern and Northern States, and by sea with all nations.

Kimball Brothers, of this city, have given the El Paso and Memphis Railroad Company land on the water front, in this city, for work shops, depots and car factories. San Diego has opened wide her gates to welcome the iron charger.

H. F. M. BROWN,

National City, Jan. 26.

Field Notes.

A visit to Hastings shows how railroads tend to growth, activity, and hence refinement. The place is growing in size and business enterprise, and so far as I could discover, the inhabitants are becoming aristocratic, sectarian and clanish—being too proud to care for truth—too exclusive to eat with publicans and sinners—and too refined to dig in the earth and rocks, or climb up to the stars in search of something new, higher, and more elevating. Yet there, as at other places, are found persons of one idea prominent in their minds. An idea that may be scientifically or philosophically true—one that may be practical and useful to them, but at the same time, appear to others with less force and to be of less importance. These persons become so attached to the one idea, that it becomes to them the all in all. They can see nothing else—look at nothing else—work for nothing else. To them it may seem strange all do not see their great idea, and embrace it with equal zeal with themselves.

I apprehend there is a lesson for spiritualists yet to learn—a lesson of forbearance and mutual concession. No two perhaps occupying different positions in the scale of development, see precisely alike. That which comes home to one mind as a great and important truth, is not reached by another, or by another still, outgrown. A disposition to be less persistent in enforcing our own peculiar ideas with a greater willingness to accept and aid in the upbuilding and spread of other and more generally received lessons of the age, with a disposition to work with all true reforms, can alone make spiritualism a power in the land, and so lead to harmony.

M. R. Wright, of Middleville, Michigan, a man of remarkable experience as an instrument or medium through which the spirits manifest themselves has been developed, and rigidly disciplined by the immortals for an important work, and will yet be heard from as a worker in the reforms of the age. The scientific and critical philosophers will yet be called upon to consider new ideas, new words, and combinations, if not a new phase of mediumship. He has already written down the words spoken by his spiritual hearing until he has sufficient manuscripts for a large volume which he intends to soon have published. In the same way he is transcribing to paper a series of lectures which he designs to read to the people upon the science of Psychology and Mental Philosophy, and at the close of each lecture demonstrate the great truth of spiritual intercourse by answering mental questions, as spoken to his hearing by departed spirits.

He seems to differ from writing, rapping and impressions mediums. The words are spoken to him as plainly, he affirms, as the words of wife or friend, distinct in enunciation and pronunciation; words new and old and full of significance. This phase of mediumship is not new—Jesus is said to have talked with Moses and Elias upon the rugged mountain, and John with the old departed prophet upon the lonely isle of Patmos, and why should not the departed talk in words which he earthly brother, of the wisdom, beauty and harmony of the spiritual world?

I. P. A.

Correspondence.

LIMA, Indiana, Feb. 3rd, 1870.

BROTHER FOX:—Since my last letter to your paper, written sometime since, we have been making some progress in matters spiritual. We finally, through continuous effort, overcame the opposition sufficiently to secure the use of the Union School Hall for a lecture. Whereupon Brother Fishback, of Sturgis, was invited to deliver the first lecture, which was not only well but enthusiastically received, coming as it did to overlook and cement with an all-embracing and humanitarian religion the ideas and feelings of the people who had just been shocked and repulsed in their vain search after truth as embodied in creeds, by the open and vindictive warfare waged between the Methodist and Baptist denominations of this place through an attempt at revival.

The Baptist Christians proposed to the Methodist brethren that they should join for a union prayer-meeting, which proposition was assented to, in consideration that they should, at the end of the time specified for prayer, partake together of the Lord's Supper.

Of course, the last proposition was indignantly declined by the close communists, and called out much bitterness and personal abuse, pro and con, all of which resulted in the gathering in of the lost sheep to listen to the call of our philosophy, *Come up higher*, through the lips of our gifted brother F., and we can but feel that we have now a foothold, and that the leaves in at work which will, ere long, bring the "tidings of great joy" to many anxious hearts.

I would also speak of the labor of Bro. Harding of Sturgis, just entering the lecturing field again, through the instigation of his spirit guides. He is organizing circles, developing mediums, *healing the sick*, thus exemplifying by practice, the teachings of Jesus. We had the pleasure of listening to an inspirational discourse delivered through his organism last Sabbath, and for depth of thought, earnest and concise manner of utterance, have seldom, if ever, heard it surpassed by any speaker.

Bro. Harding was formerly a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and since his conversion to the cause of Spiritualism has been instrumental in establishing several spiritual organizations, and in many other ways making himself actively useful.

Being naturally retiring, and extremely sensitive, we would bespeak for him the sympathy and encouragement of all friends, and would request that they call into use the gifts which the angels have conferred upon him, feeling confident that they will be abundantly rewarded in so doing.

The subject of a Discussion between Spiritualism and Orthodoxy is now much agitated and, we are in hopes, can be brought about. With best wishes for the Aca. remain,

Fraternally,

Mrs. R. L. MINER.

Van Buren County Circle.

MR. EDITOR:—The quarterly meeting of the Van Buren County Circle of Spiritualists met in the Congregational Church at Keeler Center, on Saturday and Sunday, the 5th and 6th of the present month. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, at a business meeting Saturday afternoon, as follows: President, J. H. Tuttle; Vice President, Mrs. Lide Brown, Secretary, E. L. Warner; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Knowles. In the absence of the former Secretary, the writer was elected *pro tem*. A committee on resolutions was appointed who reported as follows: "To the officers and members of the Van Buren County Circle: Your Committee would respectfully recommend that an annual fee of not less than fifty cents be required to constitute membership of the Association, in addition to signing the Constitution. [Signed] Frank R. Knowles, E. L. Warner, S. J. Sikes."

REMARKS.

This two days' meeting was a happy reunion of the friends of the Progressive Religion in Van Buren county. The speakers employed on the occasion were A. B. Whiting and Mrs. Frank Knowles. Mr. Whiting's main appeal in his three discourses was to the proofs unnumbered in nature and revelation of the nearness and interest of departed spirits in those of earth. The host of witnesses that he summoned in olden and later times proved beyond peradventure the care and guardianship of angels over the loved on this side of the river. What reasonable being could object to this and who has not, at times, felt the strong arms of love lifting them up above the cares and troubles of this life!

Mrs. Knowles delivered one discourse and three poems on subjects chosen by members of the congregation, who were strangers—"Origin of Sin," "Redemption" and "Woman's Mission." Thirty new members were added to the Association. The congregations were large and attentive. On Sabbath evening, at least five hundred persons were present. All strangers from a distance found pleasant and genial homes with the large-hearted people of Keeler. Their last strings were on the outside everywhere. Many thanks are due the Congregationalists for their courtesy in opening the church. May God and the good angels bless them.

Respectfully,

ELOISE MILLS ABBOTT.

CEC. D. M. FOX, Dear Sir:—The Branch County Circle of Spiritualists, held their Annual Convention Saturday and Sunday, the 12th and 13th ult., at which meeting proper officers were elected, and the following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, that the services of the Convention be conducted by A. B. Whiting, assisted by Mrs. Frank R. Knowles, and that the Convention be held at Keeler, Mich., on the 12th and 13th inst. The Sabbath evening discourse was a masterly effort. The subject, "The Religion of Science, and the Science of Religion," he was listened to by an attentive and appreciative audience. After his discourse, a committee was chosen to select a subject for the poem from Mrs. Knowles. A few moments of mature deliberation succeeded in bringing forth Lazarus, a ragged subject and full of sores, but a good poem was given. Spiritually the Convention was a success, if it was not financially. It would be but a repetition of the old story, that Spiritualists are liberal in all things except their pockets. When will the day come that Spiritualists will recognize the fact that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that "the Gods help those who first help themselves." We must not expect the Angel world to do everything, but should be willing to put our hands in our pockets, and take them out again, not empty hands.

JOHN S. YOUNG.

Coldwater, Feb. 15th, 1870.

BOOKS.

Those wishing to purchase will notice that we can supply them at same price as at New York or Boston. Besides the works of A. J. Davis, we keep "Three Voices," "Gates Ajar," "Lizzie Dotens," "Powells" and other "Poems," "Real Life in the Spirit Land," by Mrs. King, "Triumphs of Criticism," "Woman's Suffrage," by Lois Waisbrooker, (price 25 cents,) also "Alice Vale," by same author, and other reformatory works. Also, Ten Tracts on Spiritualism, by Lois Waisbrooker, entitled No. 1, "What is Spiritualism?" No. 2, "God's Image," No. 3, "The Second Birth," No. 4, "The Laws of Inspiration," No. 5, "The Manifestations Undignified," No. 6, "Don't Want to Know," No. 7, "Is there not a Cause?" No. 8, "Hail," No. 9, "Their Fruits," No. 10, "The Law of Mediumship." No. 11, all stitched together, and will be sent, postage paid, for 15c. We now have the *STARLING PROGRESSIVE PAPERS* bound in pamphlet form. The subjects are as follows: DIVINE UNFOLDMENT, SOLICITATION, SPIRIT OF PROGRESS, THE NAZARENE, WHAT IS MAN? REGENERATION, CHERISHEDNESS, SELFHOOD, SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT SPIRIT, THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Ideas, their Rise and Progress, Depravity, Plea for Little ones. BARNES WORDS TO MOTHERS, Angels, what are they? Transformations. A private Seance—all in one volume for 25 cents.

Address PEARSON Aca, Kalamazoo.

OBITUARY.

Passed to the summer land from Milford, Mich., Feb. 3rd, 1870, after a brief illness of a few hours, of congestion of the heart, and lungs, Pliny Phillips, in the 60th year of his age.

For many years a resident of Milford, and respected by all who knew him for the past half score years of his life, as an earnest advocate of the cause of Spiritualism, and living in the meantime consistent with his belief, an upright moral life. A few days before his departure from earth-life he remarked to a friend, with whom he was conversing: "I feel confident that the belief and principles, that I have advocated for so many years are right, and I long to cast aside the shackles of clay, that I may be enabled to work in a more enlarged sphere, for our great and good cause." Soon were the longings of the spirit destined to be realized, a brief struggle lasting but a few hours, and the soul passed from its material confiner, free at last, soared aloft, not to join in an "endless song of praise and thanksgiving," but to work in the sphere allotted to the spirit, by the Divine Spirit that breathed the soul-life into the material body.

Weep not, O sorrowing mourner. God uses the blessed light From the "Land of the Immortals" To cheer thy soul's dark night.

A parent's mission ceaseth not; When the spirit leaves the clay, But watches over the loved ones still, In the realms of endless day.

Or a living husband's care; Or a good and faithful wife, But still renewed with purer zeal; In the Land of Spirit Life.

JULIA M.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ROCKFORD, Feb. 10th, 1870.

The Spiritualists of Rockford, Kent county, Michigan, will hold their quarterly meeting at the school-house in Rockford, the second Saturday and Sunday in March, commencing Saturday, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Mrs. Lydia A. Pearsall and other speakers will be in attendance. Come one, come all. These from a distance will be provided for.

ALEX. KRECH, President.

WM. HICKS, Clerk.

The Universe.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Of Religious, Social, and Political Reform.

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The above Weekly, which has attracted much attention throughout the country, for its marked catholicity and fearless presentation of the views of the most advanced and enlightened minds of the age, has been removed from Chicago to New York, and will be published at 150 Nassau Street, New York, at the price of \$1.00 per copy, in advance. It is the most interesting and valuable of the kind, and is the only one of its kind published in New York. It is the only one of its kind published in New York. It is the only one of its kind published in New York.

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